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**In Memoriam.**

**C. J. J.**

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# In Memoriam.

C. J. J.

*Entered into rest OCTOBER 28th, 1901.*

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## A Brief Selection from her Thoughts in Verse.

---

"Yea, one wast thou with me  
That once of old. But shall God lift  
To endless unity  
The soul whose likeness with thy soul  
Was but its love for thee?"

*Printed for Private Circulation only.*



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## NOTE.

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*My dear wife, shortly before her death, several times expressed a desire to have a small number of her verses printed for presentation to her friends; but, so far as I know, she never made any selection for the purpose I have therefore endeavoured in this little booklet to put together such few as I think might meet her approval, and will in some slight measure do justice to her memory.*

*W. H. F.*

942031

Immortal? I feel it and know it,  
Who doubts it of such as she?  
But that is the pang's very secret—  
    Immortal away from me.

\*              \*              \*              \*

Communion in spirit! forgive me,  
But I, who am earthly and weak,  
Would give all my incomes from dreamland  
For a touch of her hand on my cheek.

J. RUSSELL LOWELL.

## Under the Window.

---

On your place the sun shines brightly  
 As it shone when I was there;  
 Touching with a glory lightly  
 The rich waving of your hair.

And your voice rings out as gaily,  
 And your hand moves just the same,  
 Busy at your easel daily,  
 Underneath that window-pane.

And you watch the summer shadows  
 Flitting over the blue sky;  
 Dreaming perhaps of sunny meadows  
 As you did when I was by.

Dream you ever of the cottage  
 That we used to plan for ours?  
 With the birds, the books and pictures,  
 And the garden and the flowers.

Rambles o'er the purple heather,  
 Rustling in the merry breeze,  
 And the books to read together  
 Resting underneath the trees.

Oh, through all this land of shadows  
Surely *mine* must sometimes move,  
When you tell those old time fancies  
To the one who claims your love.

Other flowers are in your window  
Dear as those you used to prize,  
And perhaps I am forgotten  
In the new light of *her* eyes.

Does she read when you are weary ?  
Does she sit beside your chair,  
Lifting up with tender fingers  
The thick masses of your hair ?

Does she learn (with my ambition)  
All your art's poetic skill ?  
To your gentle, kind tuition  
Bending all her thought and will.

Do you guide her fingers slender,  
As you used to steady mine,  
Or with accents grave and tender  
Praise or rectify each line ?

If so, does my image never  
O'er your canvas softly glide ?  
With a smile that is forgotten  
In the bright one at your side.

Ah ! these are but loving fancies ;  
Are you happy ? does no smart  
With the thought of the old glances  
Ever steal across your heart ?

Dimmer grows the world around me  
For the sun shines down no more,  
Ah ! dark storms have often found me  
Dreaming thus beside your door.

Hot drops fall upon the pavement  
'Mid the plashing of the rain,  
And the dim eyes that they fell from  
Gaze up to the window pane.

*December, 1860.*



## The Dying Wife.

---

“ They will never come back any more, John,  
They will never come back any more,  
The long bright summer evenings  
When we used to stroll on the shore.

“ And do you remember the path, John,  
Beneath the elm-trees tall,  
Where we used to walk that summer  
When first you came to the hall ?

“ How is it that I remember  
Old things so well to-night ?  
The dim half-faded past, dear,  
Shines with a new, clear light.

“ I remember them one by one, dear,  
The many friends of ours,  
They bloom'd through one summer of wealth, dear,  
And pass'd away like the flowers.

“ The lightness is gone from my feet, John,  
The gloss is gone from my hair,  
My voice is no longer sweet, John,  
And mine eyes are dim with care.

“ And there’s a cloud on your brow, dear,  
And a trouble in your heart,  
That did not use to be there, dear,  
But will never more depart.

“ They will never come any more, John,  
The bloom and rose to my cheek,  
I am very weary to-night, John,  
Very weary and weak.

“ Carry me to the window,  
Set me in my old chair,  
And bring your own beside me  
And lay your hand on my hair;

“ And let us, love, talk together  
Of the days that uscd to be,  
When we roamed among the heather  
Or by the distant sea.

“ Oh, those dear old walks, John,  
We used to have of yore !  
And the brightness in your face, John,  
Will it never come back any more ?

\* \* \* \*

“ They will never come any more, John,  
The little angels three,  
Who slept within my bosom  
And prayed beside my knee.

“ Two ringlets, dark like yours, John,  
And one more pale and fair,  
Are all that is left in my bosom  
Of the cherubs that nestled there.

“ I shall see them again to-morrow,  
In robes of light arrayed;  
I shall never more sit beside you  
To see the sunlight fade.

“ I shall not listen to-morrow  
For your step, and voice at my door,  
And when you kiss my lips, dear,  
They will not smile any more.

“ It grows darker, oh so dark, dear,  
    But 'twill be all brightness there,  
And in that shining world, John,  
    We shall again look fair.

“ I shall watch and wait for you, John,  
    On Heaven's Eternal Shore,  
We shall meet among the angels,  
    And come back to Earth no more.”

1861-2.



## Hope Gone.

---

Beloved, I have seen thy face  
For the last time on Earth—the last,  
And it must fill a shadowy place  
Amid the memories of the past.  
Can it be true? shall I no more  
Behold thine eyes so kind and clear?  
Listen no more to that loved voice  
Whose words were music to mine ear?

How can I live through weary days,  
Nor count them to that blessed time  
When with heart beating, cheek ablaze,  
My hand once more should close on thine?  
How shall I think of future years,  
And know they must be spent apart  
From thee? in bitterness and tears  
With heavy eyes and aching heart.

Oh Earth! oh Life! oh Summer heaven!  
 Oh World; that God hath made so fair!  
 The Sun that lit it all is riven  
 Away, and darkness dwelleth there;  
 The green grass and the soft blue sky,  
 The trees and flowers—above them all  
 This heavy cloud of grief doth lie,  
 Hiding them like a funeral pall.

The fresh sweet music of the spring  
 Carolled by birds from branches green,  
 Seems only now the knell to ring  
 Of happy springs that might have been;  
 I had so built my life in thine,  
 So trusted in good days to be,  
 When my bright worshipped star should shine  
 More radiant still with love to me.

If it would only leave me still  
 One of its faintest, weakest rays,  
 A flickering glimmer of the light  
 That was so clear in other days—  
 But thus to wander, on and on,  
 Through the grey mist of blank despair  
 On Earth—perchance in Heaven alone—  
 For oh? thou may'st not know me there.

I sometimes think, that should we meet,  
In worlds of light beyond the skies,  
And I should see no kindling sweet  
Of old-time friendship in thine eyes,  
Though standing amid shining throngs  
Of all the dear ones I have known,  
Or listening to the silent tongues  
Of Angels round the Eternal Throne.

Yet even then, rather than bear  
Again that heaviness of pain,  
I would cast off my golden crown  
And wander back to earth again.

*March & April, 1862.*



## Lines.

---

Best Friend, whose hand hath wiped away my tears,  
 And strongly borne me up through bitter days,  
 Whose love grown brighter through the wearing years  
 Hath cheered their darkness with its pure soft rays,  
 Whose vow to cherish hath been truly paid  
 More tenderly each year since it was made.

But God forgive me, as thou standest there  
 That tender love-light beaming in thine eyes,  
 Thy fingers resting lightly on my hair,  
 Old memories within my heart arise,  
 Old shadows flit around me to and fro.  
 Whose substance vanished a long time ago.

Just as we stand here now, Love, thou and I,  
 I used to sit, in years long past away,  
 Gazing in silence on the glowing sky  
 Bright with the hectic flush of dying day,  
 A hand held mine as close as thine does now,  
 And lay as tenderly upon my brow.

*May, 1862.*

## Song.

---

Take me again to your kind heart and true  
In the wide world I have nothing but you.  
I'm weary of wandering, of toil, and of strife,  
Of the pleasures I sought for, the world and my life;  
All is so hollow, so false, and so vain,  
O take me back to your bosom again!

*Can there be one who forgot to forget ?*  
One who is tender and true to me yet,  
Surely my life to that dear one is due,  
*Can it repay thee for being so true ?*

Can you forgive me the doubts and the fears,  
The toying and scorning of happier years?  
Never again will I wander from you,  
O take me back to your kind heart and true

Written at Southport,  
*October, 1862.*

## St. Vincent.\*

---

The gates are closed with bolt and bar,  
 Soldiers and guards are gone,  
 Save one who through the weary night  
 Watches the gates alone.

Beneath him in a dreary cell,  
 Bruisé and wounded sore,  
 Tied hand and foot, his weary bed  
 With thorns and flints strewn o'er,

Was captive laid, fresh from the rack—  
 A fair and noble youth,  
 Who firm through torture even to death  
 Held fast the holy truth.

From the dark dungeon streams a light,  
 More radiant than the stars,  
 And clear and full sweet voices float  
 Up through the prison bars.

---

\* Published in the "Penny Post" for *March, 1874.*

“ It can not be *his* voice I hear”—

The gaoler held his breath,

“ I am a sinful man, I fear,

Thus to encounter death.”

Yet drawn by those mysterious notes—

That softly round him swell—

He nears the door, the bolts fly back,

He stands within the cell.

A cell no more, it seemeth now

A fairer world than ours.

The thorns that strewed the flinty ground

Have blossomed into flowers

And bending round the captive saint

Were forms of heavenly grace,

Whose robes of light and halos bright

With glory filled the place.

The trembling gaoler speechless stood,

Transfixed with fear and awe,

And wondered if 'twere in a dream

That wondrous sight he saw.

There kneeling at his prisoner's feet

He cried in shame and grief,

“ God of the Christians, pardon me,

And help mine unbelief.”

Then bowing low, in contrite fear,  
 He all his sins confess,  
 And born again in Jesu's name  
 He lived a Christian blest.

Oh teach *us*, Jesu, in the hour  
 Of pain and anguish sore,  
 To join in heart the angel's songs  
 Thy blessed throne before.

Illumine us with light from Heaven.  
 Then shall this dim world be  
 A land of flowers, for we shall dwell  
 In heart and faith with Thee.

And though long years our weary feet  
 From Thee have gone astray,  
 Yet teach us in humility  
 The Gaoler's prayer to pray.

1864-71.



## Hymn.

Oh God of Might and Power and Love,  
 Who viewest from Thy throne above  
 Our life's beginning and its close,  
 Our toils and rest, our joys and woes,  
 Have mercy on us, Lord, we pray,  
 And feed our souls from day to day.

From sore temptation keep us free,  
 And teach our souls to rest on Thee:  
 Oh keep us in Thy tender care  
 From every peril, every snare,  
 From Satan's power, from sin and shame  
 For the bright glory of Thy Name.  
 And when our life on earth is past  
 Oh bring us to Thy home at last.

## The Lost Sheep.

---

The way is long and dark and cold,  
Guide Thy poor sheep o'er hill and wold,  
No friendly star gleams in the sky,  
No gentle, soothing voice is nigh :  
Thy suppliant's heart is faint and torn,  
Her bosom bleeds with many a thorn.  
The flower of Love so fair by day,  
All but the thorn has dropped away ;  
Hope's flower that sprang at morning prime  
Has withered at this eventime ;  
The grass erewhile so fresh and sweet  
Turns into stones beneath her feet ;  
Yet oh, blest Shepherd, long ago  
Thou too didst tread this path of woe,  
Thy Heart pierced through with agony  
Bleeds still in tenderness for me—  
Oh meet me, Lord, dispel the haze,  
That I upon Thy Face may gaze,  
May follow, though the storm-winds beat,  
The traces of Thy piercéd Feet ;  
Then will this weary wild be past,  
Then will the fold be won at last,  
And Thou wilt heal each bitter smart,  
Sweet Shepherd of the bleeding heart.

Sept. 12th, 1885.

## Lines.

---

Oh Love, my love that used to be!  
 Twice ten long years have pass'd  
 Since our two hands gave clasp to clasp,  
 Nor deem'd it was the last.

I stood a newly plighted bride  
 With hopes more strong than fears  
 And clear brown eyes lit with the sun  
 Of only twenty years.

I took thy hand and said "Farewell,"  
 My kinsfolk stood around,  
 I did not hear the funeral knell  
 That echoed in that sound.

I did not dream that life would pass  
 E'er we again should meet,  
 That I should live to kiss the grass  
 That hides thy winding sheet.

My lover wiped the scalding tears  
That fell like summer rain,  
His tenderness made all my fears  
Bright with love's sun again.

Yet ever in a shrine apart  
Thy cherished image lies,  
In the deep chamber of my heart  
I keep thy voice and eyes.

I came back to my early home  
And sought each well-known place,  
Longing to still my aching heart  
With one glimpse of thy face.

Longing once more to see thine eyes,  
And catch the afterglow  
Of that bright sun that shone for me  
Twenty long years ago.

I may not love thee as I loved  
In days that used to be,  
Those days of youth when thy sweet care  
Made all life's charm to me.

One glance, one tone from out the past  
Was all my heart dare crave,  
And all I find to look upon  
O, lost Love, is thy grave.

I kiss the dust that covers thee—  
O can thy heart be cold?  
The heart that was so warm to me  
In the lost days of old.

*September, 1886.*



## To S. M. K.

Intended to go at the beginning of a Book of Verse.

---

Dearest of friends, when you and I were young  
 The little chaplet of my life I brought,  
 And gave you here and there a bead unstrung  
 Of joy or sorrow which the day had wrought,  
 And which with kindly sympathy you took—  
 And gave me many a loving word and look.

But now no more the days or calm years bring  
 Such passionate sorrows or such thrilling joys,  
 But hung on memory's parti-coloured string  
 Deep out of sight we keep our youth's poor toys,  
 And if chance bring them to the light of day  
 We weep above our old selves passed away.

But this link from old times I send,  
 Like a last keepsake from some coffined friend.

*July 20th, 1890.*

## To W. B. 3.

September 27th, 1890 (Our Silver-Wedding Day)  
with Dante Rossetti's Poems.

---

A quarter of a century has rolled  
With all its changes, all its smiles and tears,  
Since on my hand you placed this ring of gold,  
Which like your love shines brighter with the years.  
Accept this little gift to mark the day  
From which we date so many pleasures past,  
Our eyes are dimmer and our hearts less gay,  
Our forms less youthful each one than the last:  
Our hair turns silver as time makes us old,  
But, dearest friend, our *Love* shall still be *gold*.

The M.S. book suggests the following alternative final couplet :  
Our hair turns silver like this wedding day,  
But Golden Love makes us forget the Grey.

To W. B. J.

September 27th, 1893.

(With Morris's "Earthly Paradise.")

---

Two hearts which in sweet time together beat,  
Thrilling each other with their answering chords,  
Eyes—tenderly exchanging as they meet  
Glances of Love, too deep for spoken words,  
A trust, o'er which no cloud of doubt ere lies,  
Dear Love—*this is an "Earthly Paradise."*

## Lines.

---

Across the distance made by time and space,  
Oft times in dreams my lady comes to me—  
And bending low the glory of her face,  
In her clear eyes I see, or seem to see—  
(As in their depths with passionate love I gaze),  
The woes and joys of all her present days.

Across her eyes, like shadows o'er a glass,  
Come the dark thoughts that surge from her sad heart  
Or sunny gleams a moment o'er them pass  
Lit up by joys in which *I* have no part.

The crown of ebony hair is flecked with snow,  
The roses on her cheek are pale and dim,  
The rounded queenly shape of long ago  
Has faded to a phantom light and slim,  
And as I strive to clasp those waning charms,  
I wake alone, with hungry, empty arms.

## On the Death of a Young Friend.

---

Lay Love's red roses by—  
 All Earth's fair flowers must die—  
     And she was fairest;  
 Fragile and pure and meek,  
 Brave, though she was so weak,  
     Sweetest and rarest.

Lay Love's red roses down,  
 She has received her crown  
     Of Love immortal;  
 Lilies and Roses sweet  
 Blossom around her feet,  
     At Heaven's bright portal!

Lay the love tokens sweet  
 At the still, snowy feet,  
     Whose race is ended.  
 Lily and Rose was she,  
 Sweetness and purity  
     Together blended.

She was too young to die,  
 Ah no! repress that sigh  
 God's eye sees clearest.  
 Never shall age or pain,  
 Sorrow, or this world's stain,  
 Wither your dearest.

In the dear land above  
 Glowing with life and love  
 There you shall meet her,  
 In all her loveliness.  
 With angels round to bless,  
 There you shall greet her.

1896-9.





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